LILIES.

I like not lady slippers,
Nor yet the sweetpea blossoms,
Nor yet the flaky roses,
Red or white as snow.
I like the chaliced lilies,
The heavy eastern lilies,
The gorgeous tiger lilies
That in our garden grow.

For they are tall and slender,
Their mouths are dashed with carmine,
And, when the wind sweeps by them,
On their emerald stalks
They bend so proud and graceful.
They are Circassian women,
The favorites of the sultan,
Adown our garden walks.

And when the rain is falling
I sit beside the window
And watch them glow and glisten.
How they burn and glow!
Oh, for the burning lilies,
The tender eastern lilies
The gorgeous tiger lilies
That in our garden grow!

—T. B. Aldrich.

WYNNE'S COURAGE.

It was a hot day by the wells at Koster, not only because of the sun, which was responsible for a mere 100 degrees of temperature, but because of the inordinate number of apparently immortal Arabs who were marshaled or rather thrown in battle array and who came rushing ever and again in yelping multitudes on the devoted bayonets of a little square of British infantry. They fell, of course, in heaps before the volleying rifles and machine guns, but die they would not. Perversity had taken flesh within them, and they writhed, foaming with pain, through sand and scrub, to bury their steel, not in the bosoms, but in the lower limbs and entrails of their enemies.

There were young soldiers fascinated by the fear of death, who would watch them coming, powerless to ward off the blow, the empty rifle clutched foolishly in the trembling hand, till the fierce steel had bitten out their life.

Marmaduke Wynne was a young soldier; not so young in years, but this was his first battle, and he was afraid—horribly, paralytically afraid. He felt fear in his heart, in his throat, in his arms, his legs, his feet and his hands. It had worked its way into his revolver and his sword; his very helmet seemed infected by it, and cowered limply on his head. He stood at a corner of the square behind his men, not even pretending to direct their fire, his face white under the sunburn, and his eyes half closed to hide the horror around him. He dared not look up; if the fear once crept into his brain he knew he must run; whither he could not tell—perhaps into the midst of the enemy for very shame.

He was surprised at his weakness, though all his past life might have told him that it was bound to come upon him. Not that his soul was cowardly; as a boy he had ever dreamed of high deeds of knightly prowess which he would do when manhood had given him the power, but now that his first maturity had been entered he still felt himself, as of old, powerless to realize his brave ambition. At Cairo he had blushed at the anticipation of his coming glory; here at the front facing the enemy his stomach was sick with fear and dishonor.

On came a posse of fanatics, their long knives aflame in the sunlight. A shout, a burst of smoke, a quiver of bayonets—they disappear, but two more of Marmaduke's men are gone. One had been just in front of him—the enemy had got so far. His lips blanch; the adjutant's voice breaks in upon his ear.

"Say, Wynne, this won't do. This beggar's rifle's sighted to 1,500. That's all nonsense."

Another shout, another rush; the boy slips back the sight, raises the rifle to his shoulder, picks out a horseman in the oncoming mob and pulls the trigger.

"Got 'im!" says the adjutant triumphantly as the man falls from his saddle, thereby impeding the rush of those behind. The boy throws down the rifle and turns away saying, "Try 800, and keep your men better in hand." He passes on down the square.

Wynne dared not reply. He knew his teeth would chatter if he opened his mouth. How he envied the other his coolness, and yet hitherto he had never thought him a better man than himself—scarcely had he deemed him as good. It was all a question of temperament, he supposed. Certainly that the latter had killed the savage horseman was entirely thanks to his nerves; there was no courage required to shoot a man 200 yards away if one only knew how to do it. Then he reflected that he himself was afraid to fire off his revolver for fear of hitting his own men. There was nothing cowardly in that; it merely showed his consideration for others or at worst his lack of self confidence. And yet he knew at the bottom of his soul that he was behaving disgracefully.

He tried to pull himself together, and as a fresh charge came surging forward he made a movement as if of advance to meet it, but a spear whizzed over his head, and in spite of himself he shrank back. The savages rushed in upon his men with a dreadful howl, and to his horror they gave way. His sergeant, on whom he had relied, was cut down and the young soldiers fell back. He tried to tell them to be steady, but the words would not come. He shook in a palsy of fear, and for one long moment he stood staring at the scene in front of him with the gaze of an idiot.

"Close up, close up!" he heard the adjutant shout. "Wynne, do you wants us all massacred?" The boy had jumped unarmed into the breach and knocked an Arab down with his clinched fist. Wynne essayed to follow him, but his limbs refused to serve him.

He closed his eyes in agony * * * opening them again to find the line filled up by fresh men, and the adjutant standing beside him with rage and contempt in his childish eyes.

"For God's sake, forgive me!" whispered Marmaduke. A furious retort was on the other's lips, but he checked himself at the look of unutterable anguish on Wynne's face. A pitying haze came to his eyes and he turned away, shrugging his shoulders.

The fire ceased on all sides of the square, and a handful of hussars galloped forth to ride down the retreating enemy.

• • • • • • •

Marmaduke lay panting on the ground by the wells. A fatigue party, 20 feet away, was pumping up the yellow, fetid water through a leaky hose. A squalid crowd of men were scattered about, groping in meat tins which emitted a horrid odor of decay. Marmaduke was dying of hunger and thirst, but he dared not eat such food. At the sight of it his hand went instinctively to his nose. So it was with the water. To assuage his thirst he sucked the buckle of his sword belt; to keep down the pangs of hunger he munched a piece of biscuit, turning it over many times in his mouth and only swallowing a particle at a time. It was not hunger that he minded; it was thirst.

Suddenly the pumping stopped.

"Halleluiah!" sang out a voice.

"Well, of all the blooming things!"

"What's the matter?"

"Who'd have thought we'd 'ave chawnced on the blessed mawdie's wine cellar?"

Marmaduke sprang to his feet. One of the fatigue party stretched over the well had pulled out from some esoteric place of concealment one, two, three, four, five, six bottles of champagne. The men gathered round.

"Koch Fils, 1884," read one slowly. "Guess this ain't no ginger beer, anyhow!"

For once Marmaduke had his wits about him. "Give you a tenner for the lot!" he shouted. The finder of the treasure trove stared at him impudently. It does not take long for a soldier to reckon up his officer when he has seen him under fire.

"Five quid apiece is my price," he replied. "There ain't no bloomin civil service stores out here."

Marmaduke flushed angrily, but he handed the man a promissory note and took two bottles.

Marmaduke cracked his first bottle and swallowed half of it at one gulp. It made him feel light in his head, but, God, how delicious it was!

He saw the adjutant looking at him wistfully, a canful of the muddy water in his hand. Wynne was about to call to him when he remembered the events of the day, and turned so that the other might not see his face. Then his moral courage, of which he had plenty, came back to him, and, clinching his teeth, he wheeled sharply about and approached the adjutant.

"Will you condescend to drink some of my wine?" he began sturdily, but his voice faltered as he added, "I do not ask you to drink with me."

The other looked askance at him a moment, then said: "Don't be a dashed idiot. Of course I'll drink with you, and jolly grateful."

"I'm afraid you must have thought me a beastly funk today," said Marmaduke, his tongue wagging with wine.

"Oh, nonsense. You merely had a touch of the nerves," said the boy. Wynne was still sober enough to grasp greedily at this merciful theory.

"That was all," he said thickly; "that was all." And he took another pull at the bottle.

"Dashed heady fizz this of yours," yawned the adjutant. "It's making me sleepy."

"Wine doesn't have that effect on me," declared Wynne fiercely. "It excites me; it sends the blood rushing through my veins, through and through; it braces my nerves; it wires my muscles; it—it"—

"It what?" asked the adjutant.

Wynne's voice took a metallic note.

"It makes me brave."

"You're drunk," said the subaltern. "At least," he added hastily, "you're not yourself."

"I am myself," retorted Wynne excitedly. "D—n your insolence! What do you know about me? At this moment I am really myself. I always am when I've wine in me. Look at me," he said, jumping to his feet and striking a half ridiculous, half heroic, entirely theatrical, attitude. "Look at me, look at me! I'm a man. I'm not the woman who hid behind you and asked your pardon today. I am the real Marmaduke Wynne, an officer and a gentleman and as good and better than any man here." He reeled and fell down on the ground. There was a burst of coarse laughter from his men, who had been watching his antics. In an instant he was on his feet again, his eyes darting from his head. His hand flew to his sword, and the steel leaped from its scabbard. "Silence!" he roared, and the men shrank back a shade abashed.

For an instant the group stood motionless; then the stillness was broken by the report of musketry, and a shout went up:

"Stand to your arms!"

The Arabs had slain the sentries and came rushing in on the surprised bivouac. Marmaduke felt the rush and the tumult. He was aware of a great black man who waved a club; he saw the adjutant go down in front of him, and his sword was dashed in shattered fragments from his grasp. The next second, with a champagne bottle in his hand, he smote blindly to left and right.

After that he saw red, and red only, but always he smote and smote and smote!

• • • • • • • •

"Yes," said the colonel, "I have taken your advice and recommended Wynne for the V. C. He must be a good plucked un after all. And I was rather afraid"—

"He only wanted blooding," said the adjutant, who had his arm in a sling and sticking plaster on his nose bridge.

He went away and found Wynne sitting on a biscuit box, his head in his hands.

"Congratulate you, old chap!"

"What for?" asked Marmaduke, without looking up.

"The chief's recommended you for the cross."

"Me? Me for the cross?" asked Wynne tonelessly.

"Yes, you for the cross. I told him how you saved my life last night."

"Saved your life?"

"Yes. Don't you remember?"

"No!"

"What? Don't remember hitting that Hadendowa over the head with a champagne bottle after he'd broken your sword with his nut cracker?"

"I don't remember anything of it; not a thing."

"Well, you are a queer chap! But I suppose the excitement"—

"It wasn't the excitement—my head, my head!" groaned Wynne.

"Well, anyhow, remember it or not just as you please, but you saved my life and the chief's recommended you for the V. C."

Marmaduke sat for some time lost in thought; then he rose and walked unsteadily to the colonel's tent. The latter was writing.

"'Day, Wynne! How are you after the scrimmage?"

"I don't want the cross," he said huskily.

The colonel looked up from his writing.

"What's that you say?" he questioned inattentively.

"I don't want the cross—I don't want the cross—I don't want the cross," Wynne went on moodily, passing his fingers over his eyes as if he were dazed.

"What the deputy assistant adjutant generalship do you mean?" gasped the colonel. "Have you forgotten yesterday?"

"No," said Wynne, "but I want it forgotten. I want it blotted out of my life."

"Why?" asked the colonel's eyes.

"Because I was guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman."

"How?"

"I was blind, filthily drunk."

There was a pause. The colonel fumbled with his papers.

"Am I to take this seriously?" he asked at length.

"Yes," muttered Marmaduke.

• • • • • • • •

A white haired, soldierly old gentleman met another white haired, soldierly old gentleman on the shady side of Pall Mall.

"Hello, Wynne! How are you and how's your son?" said the second to the first.

"I am well, thank you," came the answer stiffly.

"And what's become of your boy?" asks the first; then adds suddenly: "What's wrong with you, old fellow? You look all queer."

"My boy's dead. Dead in Egypt. Dead of drink. And all because of that infernal war office.

"War office!"

"Yes, the war office. He won the V. C. at Koster Wells and they wouldn't give it to him. He drank himself to death from disappointment. That's what become of my boy."—Black and White.

Over 17,000 different kinds of buttons have been found in pictures of mediæval clothing.

Influence of Drugs.

The influence of all drugs which affect the nervous system must be in the direction of disintegration. The healthy mind stands in clear and normal relations with nature. It feels pain as pain. It feels action as pleasure. The drug which conceals pain or gives false pleasure when pleasure does not exist forces a lie upon the nervous system. The drug which disposes to reverie rather than to work, which makes us feel well when we are not well, destroys the sanity of life. All stimulants, narcotics, tonics, which affect the nervous system in whatever way, reduce the truthfulness of sensation, thought and action. Toward insanity all such influences lead, and their effect, slight though it be, is of the same nature as mania. The man who would see clearly, think truthfully and act effectively must avoid them all. Emergency aside, he cannot safely force upon his nervous system even the smallest falsehood. And here lies the one great unanswerable argument for total abstinence, not abstinence from alcohol alone, but from all nerve poisons and emotional excesses.—David S. Jordan in Popular Science Monthly.

CHINESE STORY TELLERS.

A Sample of the Yarns They Spin For a Consideration.

On a pleasant day one cannot go far in Peking without meeting a professional story teller standing, with a crowd of listeners about him, under a big umbrella by the roadside, telling stories in a loud, earnest tone. The characters in the tales are often "the big priest" and "the little priest"—a boy whom his parents have consecrated to the service of the temple. The following is a typical story in which they appear.

Once upon a time—so the story goes—an old priest said to his young companion: "I am going away, little priest, and I leave the temple in your charge. No matter who comes don't lend them anything."

"All right, sir. I'll obey you words."

Not long after the old man left an old woman came to worship. She prostrated herself before the idols and prayed and prayed until it rained. Then she said to the boy: "Your master knows me well, for I come often to worship. Will you please lend me his umbrella?"

"No," was the prompt reply, "I cannot lend anybody anything."

So the old lady went home in the rain, and she was very angry.

Upon the master's return the faithful boy related his experience, but instead of praise he received stern reproof:

"Oh, you stupid boy! Do you know no better than that? Why, you have driven away one of my best worshipers! You will spoil my business. You should always be polite. You should say: 'Won't you please step in and have a chair? I will steep you fresh tea and bring you little cakes. Make yourself as comfortable as possible, but I am very sorry to say my master was out in a storm one day and it blew and it blew and it took the skin right off of his umbrella and strewed the bones all around, and so we have none.' Say that, and she could not be angry."

"All right, sir. I'll say it next time."

Not long after this the master went away again, and there came a man who said: "Little priest, I have been high up on the mountains and gathered a big load of kindling wood. It is too heavy. I cannot get it home. Will you please let me take your master's horse?"

"Come in, sir," said the little man, "and make yourself comfortable. I will bring you little cakes and steep you fresh tea, but I am very sorry to say the old horse was out in a storm and it blew and it blew and it took the skin right off and blew the bones away, and we haven't any!"

The man gazed in astonishment upon the boy and turned away in disgust.

When the master returned, the boy related all that had happened and received a round scolding: "Oh, you small idiot. You grow worse and worse. Don't tell the same story every time. Have some sense—make your story fit. You should have said, 'I am very sorry to say, the old horse was out in the field and tumbled in a hole and sprained his leg and went lame, and we turned him out to grass and we haven't any.'"

"All right, sir. I will say it the next time."

Again the boy was left in charge, and there came a man who said: "Your master is my dear old friend. I would like to see him."

"Come in, sir; take a seat, sir. I will bring you new cakes and steep you fresh tea. Please be as comfortable as possible, sir. I am very sorry to say my master was out in the field and stumbled in a hole and went lame, and we have turned him out to grass, and we haven't any!"

So the story runs on, as long as the story teller pleases, until it is time to take a collection.—Clara M. Cushman in Youth's Companion.

Her Ears.

"You see," said the woman, "I always notice people's ears."

"Poor thing," thought the other performer in the conversational duet, with real sympathy. "What a mortification it must be to her to look in the mirror and see her own funny little ears standing out from her head."

"I feel that I have pretty good ears myself," went on the woman, putting her hand to one of the members under consideration, with a satisfied air, "and I suppose for that reason I notice a feature of which but little is thought."

And the other woman gasped a little with astonishment, and it was a minute or two before she had anything to say.—New York Times.

Passports For Travelers In China.

In China a traveler wishing for a passport is compelled to have the palm of his hand brushed over with fine oil paint. He then presses his hand on thin, damp paper, which retains an impression of the lines. This is used to prevent transference of the passport, as the lines of no two hands are alike.

CHRISTOPHER WICKFIN.

One of Colonel Calliper's Old Time Friends In Storkville Center.

"After he had lost one umbrella in that way," said Colonel Calliper, "my old friend Christopher Wickfin, who formerly resided in Storkville Center, Vt., made up his mind that he'd never lose another—that is, by having it turned inside out—and he rigged up an arrangement to prevent it. This was a pretty elaborate sort of thing in its details, but in operation it was extremely simple.

"In those days almost every man in Storkville Center—and for that matter many men in larger places, too—wore boots. Mr. Wickfin's umbrella was of stout cotton, with whalebone ribs; that was when whalebone was cheap and before the advent of the modern umbrella rib of channel steel. To the tip of every rib of his umbrella Mr. Wickfin attached a ring. He wore around his body a belt, to which were attached as many cords as there were ribs to his umbrella. At the end of each cord was a snap hook which he snapped into its ring at the end of an umbrella rib. From the belt on each side of the body a stout cord was carried down and run through the boot strap on that side and then brought up and fastened to the belt, at a little distance from the other end, so as to distribute the strain. Thus equipped, Mr. Wickfin was prepared to keep his umbrella from being blown inside out by any storm that might come along. The idea that the wind might pick him up and carry him and the umbrella and everything off together never occurred to him, but that was just what happened on the very first day he tried it.

"It was a tremendous rainy day, with the wind blowing a gale and with gusts now and then that it seemed would blow the roofs off the houses. But that was the sort of day Mr. Wickfin wanted, and he set out for the postoffice with all his rigging in place, feeling secure and easy and proud of the victory that he had gained over the elements. As he walked along Main street, carrying his umbrella with the ropes coming down all around and converging at his waist, he presented a queer sight, but a moment later he presented a sight far more remarkable. A great gust that came roaring down the street doubled under Mr. Wickfin's umbrella and lifted him off the earth and carried him skyward. Storkville Center at one time and another had seen many strange sights, but never any quite so strange as that.

"Mr. Wickfin let go of his umbrella, but the umbrella wouldn't let go of him. It carried him up on the wings of the wind, while all Storkville Center looked on at him swaying helpless beneath it. But the wind was merciful to him. After carrying him up and down and round about for a minute or two it dropped him through the top of a greenhouse. He smashed more glass and frame than four umbrellas would have cost, but he escaped without injury to himself, and for that he was thankful.

"Well, after that experience Mr. Wickfin made up his mind that, while the thing was all right in principle, it needed some improvement, and he fixed an attachment to the belt by means of which he could, when he felt the wind lifting him, cast off all the ropes and let the umbrella go. Theoretically this was all right; in practice, when the test came, the tie ropes jammed on both sides before he could get them loose, and up he went again. Then he hit upon a plan that would no doubt have worked perfectly: His own weight was 160 pounds; he adjusted all the ropes to a breaking strain of 150, so that under that pressure the umbrella would free itself from him automatically, but he never put this plan in operation. By the time he had worked this out he had discovered that there are many things that could be done that are not worth the doing."—New York Sun.

A Proper Sort of Play.

A Chinese company produced a 3,000-year-old comic opera in Sydney. A local paper observes this is like no other entertainment on earth, except, possibly, 1,000,000 iron tanks falling into a rocky gully full of wildcats.

There is no scenery—this is left to the imagination of the audience—and the orchestra, in its shirt sleeves, occupies the back of the stage. When any player's back hair gets adrift owing to excessive exertion, one of the band rises, fixes it and then goes back with an air of calm unconsciousness to his instrument.

The orchestra consists partly of a Chinaman chopping wood, partly of another Celestial blowing with a horrible intensity of devotion on a bull's horn, partly of a curious stringed instrument which makes a cry like an infant 40 yards high, and so on.—Exchange.

— Any woman can fool a man, but it is sometimes difficult to keep him fooled.

WORLD'S DRINK STATISTICS.

Englishmen Are Greater Beer Drinkers Than Germans.

The country owes thanks to Sir Courtenay Boyle. Most blue books are dry, and but few of us care to master their contents. Sir Courtenay Boyle has succeeded, however, in producing one that might almost be described as fascinating—the drink statistics of the civilized world, or, to give it its official and rather long winded title, "The Production and Consumption of Alcoholic Beverages" (wine, beer, spirits).

A study of the paper leads to one conclusion—namely, that not only will people drink as long as they can afford to pay for it, but that they will drink. France produces ten times as much wine as Germany; it also exports ten times as much, and yet more German wine is imported into the United States than French wine. The answer is obvious; there are in the States many successful German settlers, and they, having the money, will have hock of the fatherland no matter what they pay for it. Thus also in prosperous Belgium people put scarcely any limit on themselves in the matter of drink and whether it be beer or spirits Belgium stands at the head in the matter of consumption per head, while even as regards wine, although it is not a wine producing country, the inhabitants consume as much as do the Germans, whose country is wine producing.

One point that is brought out very clearly in these tables is the fact that the drink trade is almost everywhere a home industry—that is, that by far the greater proportion of the drink consumed is made in the country consuming it. We in England import so much wine and brandy from the continent that we are perhaps not altogether in a position to realize the fact, and yet even in England by far the greater portion of the drink consumed is homemade. This is proved by the relative proportions of the customs receipts from imported liquors. The customs receipts amount to £5,500,000 and the excise receipts to £27,000,000, or in the proportion of 17 per cent to 83 per cent in favor of the homemade. Perhaps very few realize to how great an extent France is the great wine producing and also the great wine consuming country of the world. The statement that the quantity of wine annually drunk in the United Kingdom, Germany and the United States, which, taken altogether, have a population of 150,000,000 souls, barely exceeds a tenth part of what is consumed in France, with its 38,000,000 inhabitants, enables us to more fully recognize the fact. Many, moreover, will be surprised to find that the consumption per head of beer in this country exceeds that of Germany, for while the German drinks 25 gallons per annum the Englishman drinks 30 gallons. In both countries the consumption of beer is distinctly on the increase.

The following is an interesting fact taken at hazard: Seventy-seven gallons of beer are consumed in this country for every gallon of wine that is drunk. Could any clearer proof be wanting that it is the masses who drink, not the classes? Scarcely the seventh part of a bottle of champagne per head is drunk per annum by the inhabitants of this country, in the United States scarcely the twentieth part.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Gladstone Oyster House.

In the jubilee year (1887) the proprietress of the little restaurant secured a colored almanac showing the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. Though she did not know who the old couple portrayed were she admired the picture and placed it in the shop window. Some time afterward Mr. Gladstone visited Mumbles, and on being told that the old gentleman pictured on the almanac was the same as the distinguished visitor, the proprietress said, "Well, he's a nice looking old gentleman, and if he'll come here I'll give him a dish of oysters."

This happened to reach the ears of Mr. Gladstone, and with a distinguished company, including Mrs. Gladstone, the then Lord Swansea, Lord Aberdare and Lord Kensington, he hastened to apply for the promised meal. Though the guests were, of course, entirely unexpected, they were regaled with oysters, bread and tea, and it is on record that the ex-premier did his duty bravely.

On leaving, the company shook hands with their hostess, and the grand old couple promised to send their photographs on their return to Hawarden, which they did.

The chairs occupied by the notable guests are now labeled with their respective names and a signboard outside the shop informs all and sundry of the event.—London Mail.

Both Had Their Merits.

"Uncle, which breed of chickens is the best?" "Well, sah, de white ones is de easiest found, an de dahk ones is de easiest hid after yo' gits 'em."—Indianapolis Journal.

— Some men marry widows because they are too lazy to do the courting themselves.

NOTICE FINAL SETTLEMENT.

The undersigned, Administratrix of Estate of Margaret McCullough deceased, hereby gives notice that he will on the 26th day of February, 1898, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from his office as Administrator.

A. W. McCULLOUGH, Adm'r.
Jan 26, 1898 31 5